PRODUCTION OF "CYMBELINE" AT THE LYCEUM-MISS ELLEN TERRY'S IMO-

GEN-THE COMING SEASON. London, September 23. Sir Henry Irving dedicated the Lyceum Theatre afresh last night to poetical drama by the production of "Cymbeline" before a brilliant assemblage, proud of his honorable fame and triumphs abroad, joyous and affectionate in welcoming his return, and responsive to the exquisite sensibility with which he was translating that incomparable idyll of Shakespeare. A first night at the Lyceum invariably has a distingtion of its own. Other theatres have popular favorites whom audiences delight to greet with loud acclaim and prolonged applause; but Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry are not only admired and loved for their personal qualities, but they are also honored as the modern masters of dramatic art, and their entrance upon the stage is the signal for demonstrations deeper in tone than are heard elsewhere. There was no lack of warmth and heartiness in the welcome which they received last night; but from the opening scenes until the curtain fell at half past 11, and Sir Henry Irving returned thanks in one of his graceful, unaffected speeches, the audience seemed to be impressed with the fact that it was dignifying itself by expressing approval of a masterpiece of stage management in the presen-

tation of poetical drama. Sir Henry Irving does not have much to say in public speech or in private conversation about the plays which he produces. He works out the problems of interpretation with his company in prolonged and laborious rehearsal, and leaves critics and audience to judge of the results without providing them with a characteristic cue of his own. In the course of a long interview in "The Chronicle," published a few days ago on his art and methods, he contented himself with making a bare reference to "Cymbeline" in three lines, describing it as a "romantic comedy, full of a youthful temperament, though written toward the end of Shakespeare's career." So transparent and lucid was the translation of the drama that no commentary was required upon the principles of interpretation. "Cymbeline," as he reads the text, is a poetical romance of early British history with an Elizabethan setting. As a drama it lacks consistency and unity, and is hardly more serious, but it is merry and frolicfull of incongruitles. An Italian motive taken from Boccaccio is fantastically inwrought in the texture of legendary English history with the rich coloring of the imaginative period in which Shakespeare lived. "Cymbeline" is a beautiful dream rather than a drama. It is a vision from fairyland, in which traditions and legends of the Britons and the Romans are idealized. With all his stagecraft and marvellous technique, Shakeare in his later years took delight in renewing his youth and revelling in dreamland.

AN IDYLL, NOT A MELODRAMA.

In the production of this play Sir Henry Irving has not attempted either to impart consistency to an incongruous plot, or to render impossibilities explicable, or to take the characters out of the wonderland of poetical imagination where they properly belong. He has provided the idyll with a beautiful scenic setting which illustrates the poetical possibilities and resources of the plece, but does not convert it into a melodrama. There are eighteen scenes representing alternately British and Roman interiors of the first century, with a final series of lovely pictures of the Welsh mountains and Milford Haven. Mr. Alma-Tadema has been Sir Henry's adviser in the arrangement of costumes and interiors of a mythical period; and the principles upon which these details have been ordered may be easily inferred from the methods of execution. His torical realism could not be attempted, because the ancient Britons could not be presented in their nakedness; but it is perhaps a logical defuction from the relics of metal work and wood carving of that remote period to assume that they were not inexpert in those arts. If the lavish made of brass ornaments and metallic arms be justified as historically accurate, it has a pictorial effect which heightens the beauty and nent of a poetle romance. More pictursque battle scenes than those which are flashed into view in the closing act have rarely been presented on the stage. They are unique in harmony of color, and are illumined with a steely glimmer; yet they are idealized combats-scenic like the poems which Sir Edward into wonderland. The lovely landscape effects of the Welsh

mountains and forests are equally serviceable in Illustrating the tenderness of Imogen's wifely devotion, the sturdy virtues of Old Belarius, the chivalry of Guiderius and Arviragus and the idvilic beauties of the romantic story. Consummate stage manager and artist as Sir Henry Irving is, he never makes the mistake of overlaying a play too heavily with scenic effects. His principle is to give to every drama its appropriate scenic setting, and nothing more.

Sir Henry Irving's study of Iachimo was characterized by subtlety rather than power. He was neither a Roman lady-killer nor a coarseminded sensualist, but a mischief-loving knight, who undertook as an intellectual exercise to win a wager by destroying a pure reputation, and then was haunted with remorse for the sorrow and wrong which he had caused. In the seduction and bedroom scenes he revealed not the slightest trace of passion, but only the intellectual pride of a self-confident gladiator, who had sought a difficult enterprise and was determined to succeed by superior craft and subtlety. It was a weird, bloodless creature with a brain which hovered about Imogen's pillow and made an inventory of the surroundings; and it was a pathetic penitent, bowed and broken with selfinflicted torture, who made final atonement when the pleasurable excitement of the adventure had passed. Iachimo was not, perhaps, a part that was entirely worthy of the resources of this great actor's art, and it was the audience's quick perception of this fact that inspired the braves with which the theatre rang when he announced at the close of the play that Richard III would be the next work undertaken by the Lyceum company; but it was still a performance of great flexibility and intellectual acumen.

MISS TERRY'S IMOGEN. As for Miss Terry's Imogen, it was a revelation of witchery, grace, constancy and tenderness. The part was undertaken under disadvantages, for she had not been able to use her eyes, and every line of the text and every acting cue had to be learned through assistance from others; but there was no trace of illness or physical disability in the Imogen whom the audience watched with delight. She literally filled the stage with the charm of her presence. If severe Shakespearlan critics shook their heads ominously, and vowed that no such Imogen had ever been seen before as this frolicsome madcap that ran about kissing her lord's letter and romping in the mountains like a winsome lass sizien masquerading from sheer love of mismal spirits and charming gestures, and was impressed with the fact that she was seen at her best. The dignity of the King's daughter and the loyal wife were not lacking in the seductien scene with lachimo, and pathos and tragic grief, contrasting strongly with her light-hearted joy in anticipation of rejoining her husband, were most tenderly revealed in the closing scenes; but Ellen Terry was herself from first to last, playing with wonderful resource and grace. Nothing better than her Imogen have

Of the remaining characters it is unnecessary to speak, since the work was well done throughout, and the harmonious impression of the play as a whole was not marred by individual defect or overacting. Nor is it profitable to comment upon the Lyceum version and style of the play.

London play-goers been privileged to witness

for many a long month, unless it be her own

Some beautiful passages of the text were necessarily sacrificed, because no audience could have endured the prolonged sitting required for the complete presentation; but excellent judgment was shown in the curtailment, and scenes like the apparition episodes of the last act and the obsolete jests of Cloten could be conveniently omitted. Veteran play-goers united in declaring that it was one of the best Shakespearian performances ever witnessed on the London stage

THE PROBLEM PLAY'S DISAPPEARANCE.

While Shakespeare finds in the Lyceum a home worthy of the best traditions of the English stage, there is less evidence of high aims and noble purpose in the preparations for a busy season. The most hopeful sign of elevation of public taste is the disappearance of the Problem Play. Every play of this class seemed to be predestined to failure last year; and there is no room anywhere this season for what Mr. Pinero has plaintively described as "earnest drama-There has been a wholesome moral revolt against these disagreeable, dispiriting and demoralizing plays, but nothing of permanent value has yet been substituted for them. Mr. Wilson Barrett has made a fortune out of "The Sign of the Cross," and has written a new piece for himself entitled "The Daughters of Babylon," which is, presumably, of the same class; but the phenomenal success of the so-called religious drama, with its harrowing realism and turgid literary style, is to be explained by the patronage of new classes of play-goers who are not ordinarily seen in theatres.

The most noteworthy sign of the trend of pub-He taste is the increasing popularity of musical comedy. This is the bridge between the concert hall and the theatre, and it is widening every year. In place of a half-dozen theatres devoted last year to this class of entertainment, there will be a full dozen this season. The Garrick Theatre, where Mr. John Hare and Mr. Willard have recently made a gallant fight for legitimate comedy, has already been reopened with a musical comedy called "Lord Tom Noddy," and the Court Theatre will speedily produce "The Belle of Cairo," a grotesque piece of the same kind, with songs and dances. The London climate is depressing and audiences insist upon having their recreation under bright and cheerful conditions. The musical comedy, while less inane than the variety shows of the concert halls, is some and it drives dull care away. Geisha," at Daly's, is the best one of the class. and it promises to run another year; but every piece of this kind is prospering. Veterans of the stage complain that the singers and dancers of the concert halis are crowding them out of the Indeed, it is almost pathetic to observe how

many experienced actors and actresses are now employed in melodrama, apparently because there is no better work available for them. Stages where such pieces as "Boys Together," 'A Blind Marriage" and "The Duchess of Coolgardie" are now running are crowded with talent which is suffering from lack of congenial employment. Veterans have their living to earn, and with the concert-hall singers swarming upon stages once exclusively occupied with legitimate drama, they are glad to obtain engagements in noisy and lurid melodrama. The new Drury Lane play follows the lines

which the late Sir Augustus Harris considered essential to success on that stage. It is a ro mance of the Australian gold fields, illustrating by a series of picturesque scenes and exciting episodes the life and adventures of miners in a portion of the British Empire in which Englishmen ought, perhaps, to have a keener interest than they have heretofose taken. South Africa had its turn last year ir. "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and Australia holds the field this season, receiving treatment that is almost too generous, for every scene is laid under the South ern Cross, without a glimpse of the mother country. As a study of Colonial life and pioneering, it is more interesting, if less informng, than a three-column letter in "The Times" from Westralia; and if the tones of local color are opaque rather than luminous, or if th scenes are overdrawn and grossly exaggerated, there is plenty of action with many startling be critical respecting melodrama at Drury Lane. It is the crude romance of the stage, designed to startle as well as to amuse an audience, and it serves a fairly honest, if not an exalted pur-

it serves a fairly honest, if not an evalted purpose, when the lights are turned down after virtue has triumphed and villany has been thwarted and exposed.

Better examples of romantic drama than "The Duchess of Coolgardie" are speedly to be provided for the entertainment of London playgoers. The St. James's Theatre is to be reopened with "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "The Two Vagabonds," a version of a French play, "Les Deux Gosses," which has been highly successful in Paris, is to be produced at The Princess's. "Cymbeline" and "Richard III" are to be followed at the Lyceum by an English version of Sardou's "Madame Sans-Gêne," with Sir Henry Irving as Napoleon. The Haymarket is to be reopened with a play founded upon Mr. Stanley Weyman's story. "Under the Red Robe." That beautiful drama "Rosemary" is to be restored to the Criterion stage, and Mr. Barrie's "The Little Minister," Mr. Gilbert Packer's "The Seats of the Mighty" and a new piece by Mr. R. C. Carton, entitled "The Tree of Knowledge," are to be features of the dramatic season. Mr. Alexander and Miss Neilson are also to appear at the St James's Theatre in "As You Like It." A season which has been virtually opened with an almost ideal production of "Cymbeline" has acquired distinction at the outset, and is not without promise.

I. N. F.

SILVER COIN IN EUROPE.

From a letter in The Boston Transcript.

I have had to use coin of six different nationalities in one month's wheeling, and in one day's run I have crossed three frontiers, German, Swiss and Austrian, and was obliged to have the money of each of those kingdoms, because one cannot obtain "restauration" without the coin of the realm. It is true the gold coin has a value away from its home, but the silver does not pass current elsewhere. There is a currency union which controls in France, Italy and Switzerland, but the exchange does not extend to the baser metal. France lately by an edict has repudiated all silver coined prior to 1865 and made no provision for redeeming it at any price. As its intrinsic value is far less than its former coin value, the people possessing it are at a loss what to do with it, and resort to what has been an old French custom—palm off the depreciated or worthless coin on the foreigner. Last year at Versalles the woman ticket agent passed on me a papal silver piece for five francs, it being about the same size as the French, but worth only three. She did it by depriving me of time to look at my change, saying "Hurry, the train is about to start," which was an untrue statement. Thus my little knowledge of the French tongue cost me then two francs. I met an American gentleman who did not understand until I explained why a French silver piece passed on him was not good in France. All this repudiated coin is to be loaded on Americans. I wish just before November next all the silverties from the United States could come to Paris and get an object lesson by receiving this silver coin bearing the stamp of French Royally as frances, and finding its true value to be less than one-half a franc. American money changers and travellers will do well to look at the date of French silver coin dated prior to 1866. From a letter in The Boston Transcript.

HE FRIGHTENED THE AGENT.

From The Chicago Post.

The life insurance agent entered the office with that assurance for which all his class are noted.
"Excuse me, sir," he said. "I called to ask you

"Excuse me, sir," he said. "I called to ask you if—"Yes, yes, of course," interrupted the business man, getting up and extending his band. "I'm glad to see you, doctor."

"I beg your pardon, sir; you—"
"Oh, I know all about it," again interrupted the merchant. "Your professional air is a sufficient introduction. A man who has been an invalid as long as I have gets to know physicians by sight."

The agent tried again to suggest that there seemed to be some mistake, but he was unsuccessful.
"No explanation is necessary," asserted the merchant. "Dr. Smith has been our family physician for a long time, and I have every confidence in him, but he thought I ought to see a specialist, and I asked him to send one around. I'm glad you came."

and I asked him to send one around. I'm glau you came."
"But, my dear sir—"
"I am inclined to look upon the bright side of things myself, and I think Dr. Smith rather exaggerates the seriousness of my trouble. I refuse to believe, you know, that I haven't over six months to live. However, if you agree with him I suppose I'll have to be convinced. Do you want to sound my lungs first."
"I don't think you—"
"Oh, well, it's immaterial to me. My left lung is practically all gone, anyway, and perhaps you'd better begin with the heart. That has always been weak, though, ever since I was a boy, and I don't think it is much weaker now than it was a month ago. It ought to be good for another year, Of

yellow fever. I—"
He realized that it was unnecessary to continue
the rectial, for the agent was already on the states.
He had accomplished his purpose.

POLICEMEN ON TRIAL.

QUEER EXCUSES GIVEN BY THOSE SUM-MONED TO ANSWER CHARGES.

day each week is police trial day at the Cen-I Office, and a Commissioner sits in the big m on the third floor of the building in Mulberryfrom 9 a. m. to any hour in the afternoon or evening listening to the excuses or denials of policemen who have been summoned to answer charges. Sometimes the list of offenders is so long that the Commissioner cannot get through with it in one day, and has to adjourn some cases at a late hour at night. Most of the cases are trivial, the policemen being accused of being off their posts in hours of duty, loitering or spending too much ime in conversation with people on their posts.

The great number of complaints is due to the fact that the roundsmen of the force have to make "showing" of activity in order to retain their positions. If they make no complaints they are liable suspected of shirking their duty and to be remanded to patrol duty, with loss of a part of their annual salary. There are serious complaints against policemen, but they usually are made by the captains or by citizens. The charges made by roundsmen are frequently for such small infrations of the rules that the Commissioners dismisthe charges as soon as they charges, however, go to the credit of the roundsmen, and there have been cases in which patrolmen have conspired with the roundsmen to have such trivial omplaints made.

It is one of the hardest tasks in the Department to prevent roundsmen from showing favor to friendly policemen and "hounding" their personal enemies among the patrolmen. A long string of omplaints against a patrolman is a bar to his promotion, even if he escapes loss of money by fines and patrolmen who have been called before the Commissioners frequently to answer charges have declared that they were being "hounded" by the roundsmen on account of private grudges.

The most common complaint against patrolmen is that they are absent from their posts without cause in their hours of patrol duty, and the excuse which they offer when they are called before the 'ommissioners are so plausible and ingenious in many cases that the credulity of the Commission ers is overtaxed. Policeman Gleason, of Sie Kings-bridge squad, told Commissioner Grant the other that he left his post and went into a grocery because he had a bitter taste in his mouth and wanted to remove it with a cracker. Policeman Brummerhop, of Delancey-st., admitted that the roundsman had caught him in a liquor store, but, said he only stepped in to see if the proprietor of

roundsman had caught him in a hour said he only stepped in to see if the proprietor of the store land xposed his liquor tax certificate. Policeman Hood, of East Twenty-second-st., who had been caught sitting down in a clear store, declared that he had been obliged to remove his shoe to extract a pebble. It is astonishing to the Commissioners how much gravel gets into the shoes of policemen when they are walking over their posts, and yet to the ordinary observer there seems to be little gravel in the streets of New-York.

Too long conversations on posts are accounted for by the delinquent policemen in various ways. They seldom are able to give proof that their conversations were on necessary police business. Policeman Walsh, of Elizabeth-st. accused of talking with men for twenty minutes on a quiet corner, told the Commissioner last week that the men were Italians and he was trying to find out what they wanted. He will send for an interpreter next time. Another policeman said he was giving good advice to some children, to whom he had been accused of talking fifteen minutes. No policeman has admitted yet that he was talking about the silver question. Policeman Hanley, of Mercer-st, was up before

Policeman Hanley, of Mercer-st, was up before a Commissioner the other day because he had overturned an inkstand in signing his payroll. Such carelessness cannot be allowed to go unpunished, the Commissioners say. Smoking in a dormitory at the police station is prohibited. Policeman Brennan, of Mercer-st, denied that he had violated the rule, but he said he forgot to take his pipe out of his mouth when he went to bed, after smoking in the sitting-room. Policeman Dunn, of Oak-st, was accused of smoking a cigar on post. A detective from the Central Office, who was a stranger to the policeman, asked Dunn for a light, and Dunn gave it unsuspectingly. Then the man in plain clothes told the man in uniform that he was in for a complaint.

THE CHAT OF PARIS.

THE REVELATIONS OF A WASTE-PAPER BASKET -NOTES ON THE THEATRES-AUTO-

PICTURES.

MOBILE CARS.

Paris, September 19. An enterprising Parisian paper is making

feature of a series of interviews with celebrated writers on the subject of cats. Although the French are proverbially fond of this particular household animal, it is somewhat surprising to find half a dozen leading men of letters complacently giving their time to retailing opinions on the subject and recounting the doings of their pets. It would seem that writers are particularly fond of cats, and in several instances their personal experiences are tinged with a pretty fancy akin to that generally found in "fish stories." Zola points out the number of "cat characters" he has created in his various novels, many of which have prototypes in his household. François Coppée has an Angora companion with the nicest table manners; and it is only to be expected that Pierre Loti should be eloquent on the subject. The young Academician has household of these pets distinguished a "Mimi blanch" or "Moumoutte grise," for he disclaims sufficient imagination to invent novel names. Mile, Moumoutte Grise is his favorite companion, and even literary adviser, for, although she likes a good romp, the minute the author seats himself to write she perches her- i a revival of interest in the young "prophetess

rounding her in the famous gambling scene was noticeable. We have had one remarkable première this

FROM AUTHORS CATS TO GREAT week at the Porte-Saint-Martin, where Coquelin commenced his season as the Machiavellian hero of "Jaques Callot." The play has been severely commented on by the critics as a historical drama combined with the lightness of vaudeville and a suggestion of acrobatic farce; but Coquelin's success in the principal role has not needed the publicity that l'Affaire Coquelin has given to the actor during the summer to make it the talked-of event of the autumn theatrical season. The famous lawsuit that has been dragging through the courts for 30 many months has at last been settled on the following conditions: The actor is to pay the costs of the suit, his pension is suspended during the time he plays away from the Comédie Française, and in three years he must return to the National theatre or forfeit the 100,000 francs he has deposited with the administrators. The actor is quite satisfied with the decision and looks forward with pleasure to becoming once again a member of the house of Molière. Possibly his starring ventures have not proved exactly beds of roses, and the thorns of a managerial career have made him think kindly of the peace of a purely artistic

life and the comforts of a liberal persion. The several weeks of bad weather which culminated in the cyclone of last week have changed now to days of perfect sunshine, and we have quite forgotten that zigzag tornado that tore up trees by the roots, protecting grilles and all, and swept nearly a hundred people into the unusually placid Seine. This cyclone has brought



THE CYCLONE IN PLACE SAINT SULPICE.

eyes the movement of h s pen, and occasionally giving a little pat of disapproval to a phrase or

the south of France who considers a walk dull that does not result in a good "count of cats"; and another writer has an intelligent Persian who jumps on the writing table as regularly as her mistress seats herself before it, and has never been known to disturb ink bottles on manuscript or to be so ill-bred as to refuse at-Exposition Féline at the Jardin d'Acelimatation awards, as already announced, includes th names of François Coppée, Emile Zola, André Theuriet and Armand Silvestre.

PREOF Who SING DEERS.

From The Chetage Times-Heald

An Italian to the name of Russed, who lives in all the report has been accounted that the start and the steps that fee runs and the papillar course of the start and the steps that fee runs and the papillar course of the start and the steps that fee runs and the papillar course of the start and the steps that fee runs and the papillar course of the start and the steps that fee runs and the papillar course of the start and the steps that fee runs and the steps that the start and the steps that fee runs and the steps that the start and the steps that fee runs and the steps that the step th

GYNNE KING

self quietly on his knee, following with her tof the Rue du Paradis, for it is claimed that as the medium of the angel Gabriel she warned us of it several months ago. She has reck lessly announced more prophecies and more storms, but has promised sunshine during the visit of the Czar. Many people are tiring of the subject the "Czar Paris," but the city will nevertheless continue to be more or less in a ferment of excitement up to the eventful October 6. According to reports, that august body that arranges every minute point of official etiquette changes its mind at every sitting; windows and balconies along the route of the imperial procession are advertised to let at an xorbitant figure, and the cheap bazaars are marking the wares that two months ago were fabrique Chinoisse" as "fabrique Russe." Paris has welcorned the introduction of cabs

with pneumatic tires, although at present the subher-elad wheels are more a promise than an accomplished fact among the voitures usually found at the various stands. Omnibuses and

From the Indianapolis Sentinel.

As the story goes, the mistress of the dog is also a keeper of hens. One of these was setting upon a "clutch" of thirteen eggs and Don, the black-andtan, soon became very curious to know why she stayed in the barn so closely.

The dog, as it appears, had formerly been given to teasing the hen, snatching her food away from her, and otherwise making himself a torment; but this intercourse had gradually turned into friendship, and the two would sometimes be seen lying and squatting side by side in the sun, on a bit of carpet in the back porch.

During the three weeks that the hen sat on her eggs Don usel to pay daily visits to the barn, and sometimes he would stay with her by the half hour. Then the chicks came out of their shells. Don was intensely interested. All day long he scarcely left the barn. The next morning when the hen stepped off the nest and with a cluck called her brood after her Don followed.

The hen fell to scratching, and the fluffy chicks darted hither and thither, picking up the tidbits which the mother had uncovered.

"Good," said Don to himself," I can help in this business," and to the terror of the chickens he ran in among them and began turning up the soil at a lively rate. Then he sat down and waited.

The mother hen called back the chicks to the newly scratched earth, and soon they picked it clean. Then the dog took another turn. And so the good work proceeded, to the great delight of all parties.

A GREAT FRENCH LIGHTHOUSE, From The London Standard.

From The London Standard.

The most powerful lighthouse in the world is being built at Penmark Point, in the Department of the Finistère. It is now more than half finished, and will, says our Paris correspondent, be inaugurated at the end of next summer. The Petit Journal' gives some very interesting information concerning it. The height of the tower is 63 metres (267 feet), which will enable it to be seen during the day from a distance of 30 kilometres in fine weather. During the night its light will be visible for 100 kilometres (63 miles).

The great illuminating power of the light will be realized by means of the apparatus, inaugurated in France in 1892 at the Hève Lighthouse with its lightning flashes.

The principle on which these lightning flashes are based is that a flash of lightning lasting no more than one-tenth of a second suffices to produce on the retina its complete effect. Starting from that principle, the new lighthouse will send flashes of concentrated light over the ocean every five seconds, though they will last but one-tenth of a second, the Penmark light will have cost, when completed, £24,000, the half of which is provided by the State and the other half by a legacy from the Marchioness de Blocqueville, a daughter of Prince D'Eckmuhl.

EXTRAORDINARY WILLS

THE QUEER THINGS MEN THINK OF

ONE MAN WHO WANTED TO BE THROWN INTO THE SEA-INJUSTICE TO WIVES-WAITING WILLS.

Some one has said that great living makes great dying. But it is not only in dying that men reveal their true character; they reveal it perhaps even more strongly in making their wills. It is true that there is nothing especially noteworthy about an average will, but that is because there is nothing especially noteworthy about the average man; and even in such wills, therefore, there is an unconscious reveation of character. But an immense number of wills indicate much

more than this. In them may be read, sometimes in black and white, and sometimes between the lines, rarely interesting life stories, sometimes tragical sometimes comical, and sometimes suggestive of nothing more than vanity, eccentricity or caprice Wills belonging to the latter class are by far the most picturesque. Story writers have made an abundant use of such wills. Everybody has read of the old lady and the old gentleman who keep a string of relatives dancing attendance on them for years, and who in their wills devise all their property to the Home for the Indigent and Disabled Black Cats. Or the old curmudgeon whose relatives pamper him for years, and who in his will declares that he has nothing to leave them but his blessing; or the old lady is treated with contumely by all her relatives but the angel heroine, because she declares herself to be a pauper, and who in her will leaves a large hoarded fortune to the aforesaid angel hero the queer old party who leaves to his heir nothing but the family Bible, which is finally discovered to contain a number of marked passages that when put ogether tell where an immense hidden fortune may be found. All these and scores of other variations of the story may be found in the current novels of the day, testifying to the prominent place of the will

Newspapers are constantly chronicling stories of just as surprising and eccentric. Years ago there died a wealthy English gentleman who directed that the five drawers in his desk be opened on the five consecutive anniversaries of his death. That was all; not a word about the disposition of his large fortune. When four were opened there was found in them nothing but letter containing this message: faith and hope, and you will attain unto the fruition of all your desires." When on the fifth anniversary the last drawer was opened a properly executed will was found, leaving the property to these who had expected it. A London theatrical man named W. D. Foster

directed that no woman should be present at his funeral, and gave orders that if his wife survived him he should be cremated. In France not long ago died an eccentric Frenchman, whose will de-clared the French to be "a nation of lastards and fools." For that reason he devised his whole fortune to the poor of London, and directed that his body be thrown into the sea a mile from the English coast. An attempt was made to have him adjudged Insane when he made this will, but it Another Frenchman directed that a new cooking recipe should be pasted on his tomb every day; and still another Frenchman, a lawyer, left \$50,000 to a local lunatic asylum, declaring that it was simply act of restitution to the clients who were insane enough to employ his services.

Cremation clauses are becoming quite comm in English and Continental wills; but many of them are ignored by the relatives. Many testators now make some provision in their wills to ensure their not being buried alive. For instance, the late John Blount Price, of Islington, directed that four days after his death two skilful surgeons should be pake \$25 each to perform such operations on his body as would kill him in case he were yet alive. Viscount de Carros Lima directed that his body should be watched by his heirs until decomposition set in. A similar provision was made by an Irish gentleman who died last year. A Vienna million-aire seemed to have a horror of darkness, for he provided not only that the vault in which his body was to lie should be lighted by electricity, but that the coffin also should be similarly illumined. Lord Newborough made provision for two separate

There are some remarkable "waiting wills" on record. Not long ago died an eccentric German, who directed that his estate, amounting to \$10,000, be turned into money and put out at compou terest for 200 years. At the end of that period the whole sum is to be safely invested, and the interest applied to the relief of suffering and poverty. Count Hardegg, who recently died left \$300,000 to the Unfversity of Vienna, on condition that it should be put out at compound interest for 100 years, at the end of which period he estimated that his bequest would have increased to \$18,000,000. Instances are insumer able where legatees are compelled to wait a long term of years for the property devised to them simply because of some whim or caprice of the

Not many years ago a queer old native of Fin-

Not many years ago a queer oid native of Finland devised all his property to the Devil, and the State at once took possession of it, without attempting to establish its identity with the personage named in the will. There is a tendency in England, on the part of engaged men, to draw up wills in favor of the laddes to whom they are engaged. By thus anticipating what they would probably do after marriage, they not only take duty by the follow, so to speak, but reap a present reward in the increased ardor of the adored life wills that have been nade in the lained States would fill a volume. Some of these wills betray that grotesque sense of numor that in so many other things characterizes the American people, while others reveal a pervense crankiness on the part of the testators, which, to say the least, is not pleasant to contemplate. In one of the wildest gorges of the Bine Ridge in Western North Carolina, there lived a few years ago a man who was a most ferocious infidel. When he died it was discovered that in his will be directed that he should be buried on the summit of one of the should be buried on the summit of one at the loftlest peaks of the Riue Ridge, and that his epitaph should disclose that he died reviling Chostony, and on the spot where he desired to be buried placed a large white cross. There are probably few who will criticise them for their action in the matter. One finds it difficult not to think harshily of the man recently decased in this State who in his will left his property to "the woman who lives with me." meaning by that his true and lawful wife. Not long ago a Hoston man died, whose will left his wife penniless unless she married again within five years, the reason given for this proviso being that he wanted some body less to find out how hard it was to live with her-truly a monstrous revelation of postnous as as a streng though perhaps, latent, sentiment in favor of setting aside provisions in a will and testament a property with a shilling are too familiar in English life to excite a

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